

# JAGUAR

# A G U A R

*For the Man about Town*

NO. 1

50¢

**Is Adultery  
Inevitable?**

**Hints on  
"Hot Pillows"**

**THREE (3)  
ON A DATE**



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"But, I'll only be married for a little while," he said.  
"All I want to prove to you is that nothing has changed."

He had an elaborate set-up with two women but didn't count on the fickleness of one. She wanted marriage and a groom who would be hers alone, even if he had to be bought

## AND PAID FOR

LINDA'S PASSIVITY IN Alan's embrace was unmistakable. He had tried every device he knew, and his repertoire in making love was as varied as it was provocative. Devices that had never before failed to rouse the sultry beauty to a raging, thrusting volcano of passion.

When he paused, she stirred clear of him, her dark eyes reserved, unreadable. "That's enough, Alan," she said, and her voice was cold and definite.

"Good God!" he cried, desperation lifting his voice a good two notches. "What's happened to us?" "You're married, that's what's happened," she told him.

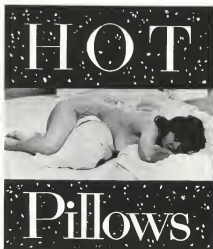
Alan sat up on the huge divan that had so frequently borne the weight of their entwined bodies. He looked down at his own apparel—the conventional attire of the groom for a very formal wedding—striped trousers, cutaway, white-edged waistcoat, grey Ascot perforated by a glowing pearl stickpin.

He looked at the luscious body lying so closely beneath him, the luscious, adorably depraved body with which he had shared the most delicious nights and days in his twenty-eight worldly years. He said, "Of course, I'm married. You needn't remind me. Didn't I do it for us?"

"Are you sure?" Linda asked, her

by VICTOR LANSING





The heat of a tropical night leaves Hope Hathaway restless—disturbed — First a date that didn't show up, and then the overwhelming silence of a small hotel room. The heat of the roof soaks through, and dreams begin to take on very strange forms — Well dressed men with offers of food, wine, and entertainment for two —

It's too warm to dance, Hope  
protests, can't we just sit  
this one out in the coolness  
of the night — In a garden of  
multi-colored flowers where  
the odors quicken the senses.  
No, no wine please. I want to  
enjoy being with you — I want  
to remember every moment —  
For you are a man, and I am a  
woman, and together we create  
a song that has been sung since  
the beginning of all time —  
Hold me tightly and together we  
will sip of the sweet nectar of  
life's strangest and most exotic  
force. But she must not move or  
her dream will vanish — She'll be  
alone — Alone again.



If we move the locale, Hope is sure that sleep will come — In her mind's eye she is on a beach, and her sheet is now a stretch of sand, white, and smooth to the touch. He is coming out of the water, skin shining in the bright moonlight. He doesn't speak, but she snuggles close. He has a good, clean man smell, and she is happy — But he must leave for another — She reaches out to hold him, call him back, and the vision fades.



In the dim evening light, a lone neon sign blinks an unimportant message splitting the night. The room is quiet, and the heat is oppressive, and disappointment lurks at the corners of her mouth. But then a pleasant thought strikes — There is always tomorrow — And the perfect dream she pursues tonight, may be found on the morrow in reality. And Hope snuggles closer to her bed for the coming day brings with it promise of a date, and her fulfillment as a woman.



## HOLIDAY PAINTER

One of the advantages of living in California is neatly outlined by Wendy Holiday. The noon-day sun doesn't stop this lithe lass from performing her chores. With no clothes to hinder her activity, Wendy finds it is easy to crawl about and do a perfect job. Easy to clean up afterwards too, with no soiled coveralls to worry about. Another, more obvious advantage in living in this warm climate, is that you may have Wendy as a neighbor.

The men in the neighborhood are clamoring for the return of the clothesline—they've volunteered to hang out all of the wet wash without the little woman's help.







It may be too warm to wear clothes, but Wendy believes it's the right time of the year to put another coat or two on the trim of her house.



Working around o pone is a general poin, but Wendy, like the true artist she is, steps back to admire her work — and we step back to admire Wendy.



Reaching for the high places is tiring. So our artful painter tries a less demanding position.



The job is done and it's time to rest. Workers like Wendy make many a man a fresh air fiend.



# STAKE IN

He had to forget that he was a man and she was all that was desirable in a woman — for she knew every dirty trick in the book, and would stop at nothing to destroy him —

FICTION  
by JOHN WEAVER

"DAMMIT, DON'T BREAK the bed!" cried Wanda, grabbing at him savagely, with a strength utterly unexpected in a girl whose outer envelope was all soft flesh and softer curves.

"Sorry, Wanda." Jug Bayless sat up, swung his feet over the edge. As he did so, the double bed groaned its protest against the lessening weight of his 207 pounds of hard-muscled beef. He gave it a pat with both hands,

then looked up at the angry, black-eyed girl. "If this pad's so loving sensitive, how come it's stood up under the workout you and the Duke have been giving it?" It was a brutal question, but the girl took it without flinching, as hard of eye and mouth as she was yielding of body. "Because," she said slowly, making each syllable cut like the lash of a bullwhip, "the Duke's not a flabby, fat-sassed cop like you."

She pointed the gun at me and said, "Okay, you've had your fun, now I'm taking over."



I dreamed I  
**DATED**  
**GLEND**  
*in her*  
*maidenly*  
**BOUDOIR**



Everyone has a girl next door, upstairs, or downstairs that seems to be all one can desire in a woman. Such a gal is Glenda Graham, whose every movement is a symphony of grace and promise. Her gracious manner, and friendliness makes her the perfect companion. So gaze deep into the flickering candle or into the wispy smoke of your Aladdin's lamp and come along on an imaginary date with glorious Glenda as we call on her in her lush apartment. And like most girls, she's not ready when we arrive. Seems to have had trouble in deciding on what to wear. She is prepared to start from scratch, but in the meantime, won't you have a drink while you're waiting? Perhaps we can help the young lady pick her wardrobe for tonight. At least it's worth a try. Put on a thinking cap and straighten your tie. We are calling on a very desirable young lady who is obviously in distress. And any man worth his salt wouldn't fail a young lady just when she needs him the most





**I**t is difficult to concentrate on clothes, and it is difficult for us to concentrate on anything but Glenda. But it takes a little coaxing to get her off the couch and into her bedroom. Whoever dreamed we'd tell a girl, "For heaven's sake, stop running around in your birthday suit, and get dressed." It's amazing how we are carried away, but she understands our new sophistication and we find ourselves rewarded with a warm smile.





Glenda's movements are slow and catlike as she applies the make-up. She is gilding the lily, but as the sweet aroma of the powder spreads throughout the room, we're suddenly glad. Waiting for Glenda is not the chore we thought it was going to be. We watch her chose an undergarment, and as she slips into it, a twinge of jealousy is felt. Why should that inanimate object be able to hold her so close. But the evening is young, and Glenda is our date for tonight. The pleasure and anticipation is boundless as we sit, wait, and watch. The wine is heady, but not as intoxicating as the perfume or the pink creamy texture of her skin. What a glorious way to start a date — we get to pick the drink, the girl, and her clothes.





**I**t is too late to see a show, and the dinner hour fades to supper. The drink we've had creates a warm glow and we appreciate the informal performance we are witnessing. Glenda tries on one bra, then another. Then she turns to ask, "What do you think?" Well, we think plenty, and some of it is related to the bra, but we smile and say it's grand, but don't go by us. Try another. And she does.

**W**e can send down for sandwiches, but our mind is no longer on food. Another drink, perhaps, and a chance to sit and talk to this girl of all dreams, and perhaps to get close and inhale the perfume of her skin. This is a date that doesn't leave the boudoir—it is a heavenly meeting with an exquisite woman. And if one is to dream, is there a better place?

**T**he mirrors throw off a reflection of subdued light and dazzling pink skin. The subtle perfumes are exciting, and now we don't care if Glenda ever does get dressed. In fact, we prefer her the way she is. Is there a red-blooded man among us who can deny that this is the ideal time and place for a date? Who can say no to so lovely a lass? If she insists we stay in and enjoy a private party—just the two of us, we find we cannot deny her anything. In the flickering candle-light, we leave you with our dream girl—your dream girl. Now you're on your own. ●





IT WAS JUST A LOVER'S QUARREL. BUT  
IT LED TO RAPE—AND THE STRANGEST  
KIND OF SEX MAN HAS EVER KNOWN.

## 3 ON A DATE

by SAM THOMPSON

"LISTEN TO ME!" I shouted at the lovely girl who ran in front of me. She was kicking up those pretty high heeled shoes revealing more and more of her leg and smooth thigh as she ran deeper into the park. "Listen, Nora. I swear I never touched that woman — I don't even know her! You can't blame me for something a strange woman does. It's unreasonable!"

She stopped and whirled, her breasts heaving with the exertion of the run. "I never said I was reasonable. After all, we are *punctually* engaged, and I don't expect a man who is practically a groom — my groom — to nuzzle the bust of a strange woman."

"But I don't even know the girl," I said.

"Bulzac!" She answered. "That makes it even worse because you enjoyed every moment of it."

"I didn't," I lied. "I hated it." I pulled her into my arms, her body resisting only slightly as her full breasts pressed into me. I buried my face in her long brown hair, inhaling her perfume, trying to erase the musk odor still in my nostrils from the wild brunette who had stopped at our table.

It was our first dinner date in months. Nora and me eating by candlelight with some musician playing a violin softly as he moved from table to table. Just how it happened I am not sure, but this large harpette with an evening dress cut low, waved to someone at the opposite end of the room. As she was





Women are striking out anew in  
the quest for sexual equality

# IS ADULTERY INEVITABLE?

THE TURNTABLE of the phonograph spun silently while a grotesque, sloppy, straw hat sat on its back turning dizzily on the spindle. The machine rested on an egg crate on a stretch of lonely beach turned silvery by the moonlight as a line of women awaited their turn to approach the spinning hat.

The girls were young adults, swelter and coppery-skinned by full exposure to the summer sun. Some wore bikinis, tight triangular shorts that hugged the roundness of firm buttocks, haliers that fought to confine the overflowing breasts. Others wore short shorts that accented the full mature hips and clung to the tops of tan thighs as the moonlight outlined sharp feminine loveliness. The skin tight sweaters followed every full curve leaving almost nothing to the imagination.

One by one they approached the whirling hat, walking lightly on the balls of their naked feet, and dropped their krys. A shapely brunette dipped her hand into her cleavage as she came abreast of the phonograph, and extracted a small metal object that glistened in the moonlight. The heavy musk perfume clung to the key jealously as she dropped it into the hat and moved on.

(continued on next page)





Even in the semi-darkness, the soft curves were a symphony of movement as she walked, catlike, to one of the bungalows that fringed the beach.

A statuesque blonde hesitated only a moment, inserted her fingers into her too tight bikini and took out a key with a red ribbon tied to it. She pulled the bow from the key slowly, and with a slight flourish she allowed the key to drop into the hat. The blonde strode gracefully away, her breasts swaying easily under the thin sweater in rhythm with her firm step.

**T**he line dwindled as the turntable spun. One by one the girls dropped their keys. A red head stood at the machine with her key in her hand as a place of indecision suddenly descended over her eyes. But just as suddenly her glistening white teeth shone through the full lips as they parted in an anticipatory smile, and she added her key to the others. (continued on page 39)

Deserted stretches of beach and private bungalows give couples their opportunity for a clandestine rendezvous.



ALL PHOTOS IN THIS ARTICLE  
POSED BY PROFESSIONAL MODELS.



Some camera clubs are intimate social clubs, while some nature lovers never get to observe the habits of birds and bees.





The night when laughter  
is king—and pleasure  
is the password of the  
evening—when imagination  
reaches new heights and  
joy is a bell that is  
constantly rung—then  
you can bet that that is  
the night...



When

*Artists* and their *Models* have a *Ball*





The keyword here is fun—whether it's on the dance floor, in the lobby, or on the street, the spirit of the carnival spills over. It's contagious, and with or without costumes, the spirit infects all in the party with a gaiety that makes this special night one of the year's greatest.



Music, dancing, kissing, and eating go on to the wee small morning hours. Some costumes bring their own surprises, but this is a fun festival where anything goes—there are prizes for the winners, and joy to the losers—who can ask more from a party that's a real ball?



The hi-jinx runs rampant in the hall, but there is always time out to give tribute to a pretty lady, and a lovely model may get kissed on the shoulder or on her foot or possibly, in the grand manner, both at one and the same time by two cavaliers—





Scenes From  
**MOVIES**



**you'll  
never  
SEE**



Gino Cervi, as Nero (upper left) talks to a slave in "Nero And Messalina." The European public that gets to see the scene will most likely miss most of the speech. The picture, "The Boat Of Lost Women" (lower left) has been banned because of its subject matter. It is a weird story of a cargo of prostitutes and criminals, all females. A German production, "Paid Love," (above) has been showing in Latin America and Europe, but has as yet to be viewed in the States.



In his quest for realism, the "Nero And Messalina" producer went all out in research and costumes. The final production was considered too daring for the later day Romans, and most of the scenes were scissored from the final picture in Italy. They were included in the release to other countries only for the box office earnings.







Italian producers are interested in presenting history, especially if there are several orgies that may be depicted in their full regalia of glittering costumes and no costumes at all! At left, we see the Italian utilization of a rather under-developed girl — contrasting her with lions keeps audience interest. Ours is already high—and we haven't yet seen the film!



Another scene from "Boat of Lost Women," at left, seemed to get a little out of hand. Result: one more reason why you aren't seeing it in the movies. The bottom shot was a masterpiece, according to the director of the "Judgment of Paris." It entailed especially designed dresses which were both transparent and body-hugging when wet. The censors, however, took a dim view of the achievement and sent it home to Rome . . . If these movies ever screen in America, blood will pound in the hearts of viewers and the irate heads of censors!



## ADULTERY

(continued from page 28)

A few yards away sat a group of men. They waited quietly, making small talk, tracing aimless tracks in the sand. As the last woman disappeared into the row of bungalows, the men moved into a line. There was no pushing, no shoving for there was one woman for each of them.

Each man reached into the hat as it spun and picked up a key. He glanced casually at the number stamped on it, and then headed for the bungalow. He inserted the key in the lock and stepped inside. He had found his mate for the night.

Was this a game played by some wild youngsters? Was it a college caper of unchaperoned students who were sowing their wild oats? No. It was a bungalow colony of married adults of all ages who had tired of weenie roasts, midnight swims, and card playing. Boredom had set in the area and in the inhabitants. The game, a type of sexual roulette had caught on, and to the envy of surrounding communities, was a weekend ritual!

Who were these people? They were from all walks of life. The summer bungalows were rented or sold to truck drivers, bookkeepers, gas station attendants, salesmen — people who are respected members in their own community. Most of them are unaware that they are breaking the law for they are not basically criminals. But they are all interested in a good time during the summer months, and some of them carry on the same activity when they go back home.

Members of nearby communities are aware of the weekend games and some citizens are frankly envious. They are the ones who vie for the rentals the following season — others try to organize the same kind of club among their neighbors while still a third group yearns to belong—and dreams of a club that can offer so much for so little.

The game changes with the area. In Cape Cod the game is played differently. A full bottle of scotch is spun as men and women sit around in a tight circle. This spin-the-bottle game is a different than the game you played as a kid.

Your partner is for the weekend, and the last couple gets the bottle of scotch as a prize.

The games are many and varied but the end results are the same. The yen for excitement, and the general boredom that sets in in many marriages has started a mass migration into the field of adultery that amounts to an amoral attitude toward marriage. Man is a naturally polygamous animal and if it weren't for the laws and the harsh financial penalties attached to divorce, he would tomtocat about forever. Women are generally monogamous but narcissistic. They can give as freely of their love but they desire to be admired and wanted. One way to prove her desirability is to give of herself to many men. If in doing so she pleases the man she loves and feeds her own ego, she more than welcomes the games that bring pleasure to herself and her husband.

The gay nineties, the roaring twenties, and the fabulous forties where adultery was generally a one-sided affair is giving way to the sexy sixties where adultery is becoming a shared experience for married couples!

Clubs are jumping up all over the country inviting local neighborhood couples to join the group and partake of the sexual delights offered by the home grown talent.

There are certain newspapers that run ads inserted by frustrated couples looking for a man to join them, or a woman, or both — sometimes they look for several couples to form a unit. The pretenses range from dancing lessons given in your own home to camera club devotees who are not too bashful to pose in the nude.

The final result is all the same. There is a bed sharing experience that rotates partners, and both husband and wife commit adultery under the same roof — and with each other's knowledge and approval!

A new concept of values is spreading throughout the land and whether it is for the better or worse remains to be seen. The excitement of the last two wars, the hasty marriages, and the tough divorce laws have helped many married couples to realize that while they are bored with each other, as a couple they are invited out elsewhere, and others find them exciting and stimulating. Marriage has become a convenience to thousands of couples, and they have been brought closer together by sharing their experiences with someone else! A paradox that could only come into being in the screaming sixties — the period of the hot cold war and rockets, when a trip to the moon seems feasible, and a bomb that can blow the world into dust hangs

over our heads by a delicate thread.

From dude ranches to mountain resorts, from marinas to skiing palaces, each has its own games that cater to the bored adult couple. Many resorts hire waiters, bus boys, porters, and musicians strictly as studs for the woman who doesn't wish to spend a manless vacation. Waitresses, maids, bookkeepers, and female singers and dancers serve the bored male guest.

Paul K——, a short order cook and salad man who found the confines of a diner too hot on the summer days applied to an agency for a job at a resort. He received a job quickly, but no sooner did he sign in than there was a procession of blondes, brunettes and redheads all inviting him for a drink and a walk in the woods, a chance to open a stuck window in a suite. He doesn't remember spending much time in the kitchen, but he was in and out of more bedrooms than he cares to talk about. The hangovers were many but the money was good. The women were generous with their charms as well as their cash.

He found that the single girls wanted to be chased and romanced. But the married women were aggressive. They knew what they wanted, when they wanted it, and how they wanted it — and they were willing to pay. Paul was glad when the season was over. He could afford a vacation and took it in a furnished room in the heart of town. He wouldn't risk a resort. Not on his vacation.

Josie L——, was a secretary in an office. When she finally tired of parrying the advances of her boss, she allowed him to set her up in an apart-



"The patient in 612 wants a treat instead of a treatment!"

ment only to become the butt of a jealous wife, and she found herself fired. No boss, and no lover. She went out and got a job at a beach hotel and found there was more money floating in and out of one resort palace in a day than she would see in her lifetime. The married men with the pinkie rings, the suede shoes and the shiny golf clubs that never saw a green, were attentive and appreciative. Josie had signed on as a pool secretary but the only dictation she ever took was flat on her back. She was wine and dined and earned more money in a year than she would have earned in ten punching a typewriter.

And the attention came from married men who chalked her up as a necessary business expense.

"What the hell," one of her better customers told her, "I know my wife is carrying on with a musician with a hot lip in Palm Beach. Two can play at this game, and I like the game better when it's played with you."

**W**hat is happening to marriage is a broader outlook and a drift away from the silent suffering days when incompatible couples sat and stared silently at each other wishing one of them would drop dead.

Even the timid character who hasn't the courage to toss a key in a hat or spin a bottle, mentally undresses the cute chick in the office, or nips at her thigh as she walks by. How many men you know get eye strain when a woman bends over to adjust her stocking, or admire and handle a pin ornament that's fixed to the tip of a pointed sweater?

Breathes there a shapely lass who has never been touched, mauled, or pinched on a crowded bus or train?

That's the Caspar Milquetoast in the bunch. The gutless guy who is tired of his nagging Annie, but hasn't the courage to talk it over with his wife and say, "Look, we're both bored, and we still have many good years ahead of us. Let's get together on this and get some new friends and see where the crumbs lead us after the cookie crumbs."

Is adultery inevitable? In a tired marriage it is. Whether it will be a one-sided affair, or a couple on the make depends on the character of the people involved, and their capacity to make the best of a bad situation. ●

### 3 ON A DATE

(continued from page 23)

passing our table, the little evening bag she held opened, and the contents emptied almost in my plate. At the mo-

ment she bent to gather the lipstick, powder, and ectoteras that a woman carries in a purse that size, I turned to ask if I could be of some help. I found myself staring at two of the largest well formed breasts I had ever seen for the dress had belled open. I tried to turn back as she moved in the opposite direction and one breast caught me softly on the cheek. I turned the other way to avoid it, and I was caressed by the other one. I kicked the chair away, and stood up, blushing. "I'm sorry," I said, "I merely wanted to help."

"I'm sorry, too," she said throatily as she pulled herself together, "that there are so many people here. Maybe we can finish this game some other time — in private."

I watched her leave our table, and she waved at me smugly, "I can't say it hasn't been fun meeting you."

Nora stood up angrily and shouted at me, "I've seen enough — you — you tomat!" And ran from the table. I dropped a bill on the table to cover the uneaten dinner and chased after her. She crossed the street and headed into the park, her tight skirt pulling up high.

Every deep breath brought the strong body perfume of the stately brunette closer to me. The vision of the large breasts, the way they softly caressed my cheeks came back vividly with the clinging odor of the perfume. I buried my face in Nora's hair to get her clean smell to erase the cloying aura of the brunette. My arms snaked around her waist, and I drove my hand through the slit in the back of her dress. And gently fingered her skin. The feeling was electric, and we both felt the spark. I unhooked her brassiere, and she murmured, "No, Bill. Not before we're married."

My hand cupped her full breast and



"The firm will pay you eighty dollars a week, and I imagine the boys will chip in another twenty!"

I moved my fingers slowly, and she moaned, "Not here in the park."

**W**e sank to the ground and the grass felt clean and cool. I kissed her hard, and then felt her hands open my shirt and hot finger tips moved over my flesh.

At that moment a sharp stinging sensation shot through my back, and a trickle of blood ran down my spine.

"Okay, Mac, get up slow-like," a voice rasped behind me. "If you don't try to be too smart, you get out okay."

Nora was aware of the presence of others almost as soon as I was for the moment I felt the sharp blade in my back, my body stiffened. She patted me reassuringly, and whispered, "Don't worry, Darling. They probably just want some money."

"Yeah," the gravel voice answered out of the darkness, "we want some money, Baby — plus."

Then he called out, "Mike, I'm over here. I got a couple of live ones."

He yanked me to my feet, with the knife held strongly to my back, breaking skin every time I moved. He twisted my right hand behind me so that every move caused a sharp pain to shoot from my elbow to my shoulder, exploding in my brain.

**T**he bushes parted and a swarthy man, with a hat pulled down on his forehead, stepped through. "Okay, Jocko," he said. "Me first this time. I'm tired of the wet decks you been handin' me."

He grabbed Nora roughly and she let out a scream. "Shut your damn trap," he growled, "or your boyfriend gets carved."

Nora struggled against him as he hooked his fingers in the V of her dress and yanked hard. The material gave way, and the garment split in two. The creamy flesh of Nora glistened in the silvery moonlight as every lush curve was exposed. Her skin quivered with fear and excitement, and I was almost crazed with the helplessness of the situation. I jerked hard in an effort to escape my captor, but he exerted pressure on my arm and I felt the knife bite into my back. The pain at the two points was so intense I almost passed out. . .

Nora lashed out with her shapely legs, her pointed heels flashing in the eerie silver light, and the attacker side-stepped quickly and swore.

"Hit 'er one," my captor advised. "That'll quiet her down."

"Shaddup," growled the short one, "I'll do this in my own way. When it comes your turn you can hit her all you want."

"If it's romance you want," laughed

the man behind me, "why don't you go to a dance hall?"

Nora was tiring, and she was no match for the swarthy man. She sobbed quietly now as he pressed himself to her.

"Don't fight me, honey," he whispered. "Once you get my sample, you're going to like it — you're going to like me."

"Leave your calling card," roared the man behind me. "Maybe she'll call for an appointment." His laughter rang out in the deserted park.

I took a deep breath and decided to try to break loose once more. I yanked hard at my arm as I swung around to jab his head with my left elbow. I felt the pain run up my arm, hit my shoulder, and smash into my brain. But I didn't stop. I flung myself backward and my entire right side went numb with pain.

**B**right colors flashed before my eyes, and one green flame seemed almost real. It started low, from the bushes, and ran down, accentuated by a strange sound. *Zplatt!*

The colors stopped flashing as soon as I stopped struggling. I stopped fighting my captor when I saw Nora's attacker roll away from her. He was rigid, his open eyes bulged abnormally. The whites of his eyes glistened as his hat rolled away revealing a head full of skin. As I watched, the skin tightened on his head, his nose grew longer, and his teeth jutted out with the shrinking of his lips. He was aging ten or fifteen years, and then more. My captor let my arm go free as he stepped around to get a better look at his partner. Stark terror exploded in his face as he shouted, "Mike! Mike! What the hell's the matter?"

As soon as he stepped away from me, I heard the same *Zplatt!* and I saw the green flame. A tongue of fire that reached from behind a bush and licked hungrily at the startled hound. He stood stark still for a moment, and then his body went rigid, his eyes bulged and he fell over backward. Like a board.

I ran to Nora's side. She had mercifully blacked out. I covered her with what was left of the dress and held her in my arms. I didn't know what to do for her, where to take her. *I didn't know what had happened.*

I heard the rustle of leaves, and looked up, expecting I know not what. But the thing that came through the foliage I had never seen before, and I never hope to see again.

**I**t was small, and glowed a bright blue. It was almost the shape of a dog, and it was standing on its hind legs. The head was round, and on top of the

smooth surface lay a flat ear. The eyes were large and multiple like a fly, and they had a pane of glass before them that rested on a small box from which jutted a phosphorescent dial. The box, covering the balance of the face, was strapped to the head. I thought I saw three hands, and the center one held a small machine that could almost pass for a pistol except that it was made of a translucent material.

"Don't be frightened or alarmed," said the creature in a voice that was so mechanical that it doubled the nightmare quality of the scene. "Your friend has only fainted. I will bring her to."

I know I stared, but I couldn't analyze my feelings. Frightened? Sure. But after what I had just gone through, how scared could I get?

I watched the thing move slowly to Nora's side, and it moved one of its hands along her neck. I don't know exactly the spot it touched, but Nora immediately moved her head, and opened her eyes.

"It's all right, Nora," I quickly reassured her, "they're gone, and nothing has happened. You're all right — and I'm all right."

"But how? I don't understand —." I didn't know what to say, or how to explain, so I just pointed in the direction of our benefactor and Nora turned around to look at him. By this time he was seated, comically, like a cartoon dog who was trying to imitate people. Before Nora could speak, it said, "Are you all right, my dear. You have had a terrible experience."

The words came halting, on one tone level, but his humorous stance at once destroyed him as a menace to Nora.

"Thank you. I'm all right," she told it, "but who are you?"

"You are very kind," it replied in the same monotonous voice. Most people ask *what* am I. The fact is, I've been here many times before, and I've helped several couples in the same kind of trouble, but I must swear them, and you, to secrecy. I cannot allow the authorities to know that I am here, and where I am from. I am just an advance scout doing research. You understand?"

I nodded yes, but I didn't really. "We are deeply indebted to you for what you have done for us," I groped for words trying to express my thanks. "I don't know what I may say or do to express our gratitude. You see we're getting married shortly, and this is the night we've decided on our engagement . . ."

The head nodded understandingly. "I know, I know. I have read in our history books that this type of courtship at one time was prevalent even in my

land. But with the years we have managed to do away with love and courtship as you know it."

"But," asked Nora, "are you happy without it?"

"Very happy," the blue thing answered. "In fact much happier than we ever were in the past."

"But what's the point of being male or female?" I asked. "How do you have families? How do you love?"

"Let me give you a little background," the voice droned on, "so you may understand why there is no need to expend the energy nor assume the degrading positions your love-making demands. Basically love is an expression of affection and deep feeling of one for another. Nature has made the urge strong so species will propagate. All well and good. The sensation is pleasant, and our bodies benefit by it. Our nerves are steadied and as a whole we have a better mental outlook once we have indulged ourselves with passion. I realize this is an oversimplification of the problem, but for my purpose of explanation it will do."

**T**he thing sat cross-legged and glowed a bright blue as the voice droned on. I was beginning to think of it as someone rather than something.

"I come from another planet. I think you can tell that by my shape and my color. My planet is in what your scientists call another galaxy, but with your mode of transportation, you may never reach it. I can be back in a matter of days, using your method of keeping time."

"On my world we were faced with too many beings. We were running into a shortage of food, also our expeditions into space took many young males and there was an overwhelming amount of unattached females. Our scientists had to find a substitute for sex and reproduction."

"The thing paused dramatically, and said, 'It did.'"

**"W**hen science applies itself, it can solve any problem. Witness the fact that I can communicate with you through this box. If I turn the dial I can communicate with anyone on this planet." The thing accented the statement by turning the small dial and as it clicked into each position, a stream of Russian, French, Polish, and Italian streamed out. Other languages I could not recognize sing-songed through the box, and then it was back to English again.

"This voice box allows me to breathe in your rarified atmosphere, and it permits me to speak. This transparent mineral before my eyes allows me to see on this planet. And this small weapon

assures me of safety while I am away from home. You will note that I have activated a rapid aging process in your attackers and once they awaken they will never have an urge for a woman again. Therefore, when I tell you that our scientists decided to do away with sex as you know it, you must believe me. They did."

"I find that very difficult to accept," Nora scoffed. "Excuse me if it sounds disrespectful to a visitor from another world, but what do you do after — after you are married? How do you have children?"

"In order to propagate the species, we go to our medical man," the blue thing explained. "We have a series of minor operations after which pills are formulated. Then, any time we wish a child, we take a pill."

"We?" Nora asked sarcastically. "Isn't that for the female?"

There was a moment of silence, and then the thing spoke again. "I know it is as difficult to explain as it is difficult to understand, but there is no male and female anymore. Each of us is both male and female. Therefore each of us can have a child depending on our work schedule."

The look of doubt must have been broadly written on my face: for the visitor from the other planet said, "I can't convince you about our singular sex, but I can illustrate why sex is no longer necessary the way you know it." The bright blue thing got off the small rock and moved slowly over to where we sat. It extracted a circular object from the voice box about the size of a coin, and before I could object, flipped open Nora's dress. She gasped, then shuddered under the blue thing's touch. It made a series of X's on her body — some in her most intimate areas. "This is the old chart," the thing apologized. "A new and fuller chart is being developed that will be the ultimate in sexual sensation."

Then it turned to me. "Take off your clothes," it said. "You're next."

Almost in a trance, I followed instructions, and the thing began to mark me. My legs, thighs, neck and private parts. It was quick and quite painless.

"Set numbers to each X," it explained, "and when you press your X, your friend should press her corresponding number. Try it."

"You mean I press her X, and she presses mine?"

"No." The ear-topped head wagged negatively. "You just press your X. She takes care of her own numbers."

"Let's try it," Nora said, eagerly. "Now!"

I nodded. "Try the top X — we'll call that number one."

I pressed the heart of the X and felt nothing. Then Nora touched hers, and I began to get a glow, an electric feeling that crept up from my legs, and my thighs began to tremble. Nora closed her eyes, and I heard her murmur, "Ohhhk!"

"Try the next point," the glowing figure urged.

I moved my finger, and then Nora must have touched her corresponding spot for I felt my passion rising like a tidal wave, and Nora began to writhe on the ground. I could somehow feel her reaction to me, and yet we weren't even close!

"Move on to the next X," the thing ordered.

I needed no urging. I was enveloped in a passion with a strength I had never known. My eyelids quivered, and my breath came short. I had sensations in my back, and in my chest that tensed with the expectation of realized love. Only vaguely did I hear the moaning and the words of love whispered from Nora's full lips. We were too busy moving from chalked X to chalked X to notice our little blue man, the third member of our date, disappear into the night.

"We were sworn to secrecy that night, and I haven't mentioned it in the thirty years your mother and I have been married." I took off my shirt to show my grown children the upper part of my torso where some of the X marks still remained. "Tonight, we were to mark the thirtieth anniversary of one of the happiest marriages any of us had ever known." My voice choked up as I stared at my two boys and one girl. Grown now and with families of their own.

"Tonight I have broken that vow and I do it because I have just received this note. Your mother has left me!"

There were astonished cries of "No. No. that can't be!" from the children.

"But that's impossible," said the eldest. "Mother has seen no one, has gone with no one — she wouldn't look at anyone else but you..."

I waved his loyal defense aside, and handed him the note I had found on my bed earlier that evening.

Dear Bill,

*We've had a happy life together, and I owe you much for the good years you have given me. It is with the deepest regret that I now leave you and the children — but I know you will understand — our little blue man has returned — with a new chart.*

Nora •

## AND PAID FOR

(continued from page 5)

dark eyes narrowed. "Diane is a very attractive girl."

"Get off it! This is me, Alan — not some mark we're setting up. I don't even know her. I mean, not the way you and I..." His voice tailed off in frustration.

"She's rich, too," Linda went on as if he hadn't spoken. "Rich-rich. For all I know, you're planning to take the cream and leave me holding the bag."

"Linda!" he protested. "You think that I'd..."

"How can one con artist ever really trust another?"

"Why do you think I begged off from the wedding reception to come here?" he blurted.

She sat up and pulled across the undulant front of her otherwise nude body the quilted pink house-robe he had pulled apart to reveal it. She reached for a cigarette, smiled at the trembling of his fingers as he lit it for her.

She said, "There's an old saying about not being able to have your cake and eat it, too. You just cut yourself a new piece of cake, Alan. What makes you think you can still have the old?"

He all but tore his carefully combed light hair. Again his voice rose a few notches as he cried, "But, damnit, that was the whole idea. I marry Diane, get a settlement, then a quick divorce. Then you and I..."

"I know," she said. "Montego Bay, Rome, the Riviera. Don't spell it out, darling. But you'll have all that with Diane, while I sit here and wait."

"Diane hates to travel," he said bluntly.

"And I'll still sit here and wait," she countered. "While you get all the cream."

"But only for a little while," he said. He sought once more to take her in his arms. "All I want to prove to you is that nothing has changed — nothing."

"You're repeating yourself," she informed him. "And your bride must be wondering where you are — if she doesn't already know."

"How could she?" he almost shouted. "I haven't told her about us."

She rose, moved toward the door of the small apartment. "You'd better get back on the job, dear," she

said, "As for you and me—well, we'll have to wait and see."

He knew her too well not to know when he was licked. At the door, he didn't even pause to kiss her goodbye. He was much too afraid of another rebuff...

DIANE HUGGED his arm closely when he got back to the reception. Looking up at him adoringly, she said, sotto voce, "I was afraid we'd lost you, darling."

He forced himself to return her overfond expression, squeezed her elbow, whispered, "You know you'll never lose me, Diane dear. I'm yours for life."

"Let's get out of here," she replied, indicating the huge hotel ballroom full of relatives, well-wishers and free-loaders, most of them showing signs of growing intoxication as they swilled the excellent champagne and whiskey the caterer's men were passing about among the guests.

She added, "I was only waiting for you. Did you get your business bit all cleaned up?"

"It looks that way," he replied a trifle grimly. If it had to be faced, it had to be faced. "Okay, hon, shall we make a break for it?"

"The limousine's waiting at the service entrance," she replied. "Wait for me there."

Since it appeared he was to be stuck with her, Alan eyed Diane critically as she swept across the floor, magnificent in her bridal gown, the long, lace train held up in the crook of an elbow.

Where Linda was voluptuous of body, Diane was willowy. Where Linda was frankly sultry, sexy of face, Diane wore an almost saintly expression on her classic features. Where Linda was... He wrinkled his nose slightly at the prospect of cold-haddock passion that lay ahead of him.

Still, he reminded himself as he reached for a passing glass of champagne, where Linda was stony broke, Diane had her millions, safely ensconced in a trust account. He put down the empty glass, reached for another, joined a group of back-slapping, jovial well-wishers for a few brief moments, then sneaked out a rear door to the service elevators, had himself taken to the ground floor.

The limousine was waiting, the chauffeur behind the wheel. It was long and black and gleaming and opulent, a complete expression of the conservative wealth he had just

married himself into—wealth he had planned to share with a girl who had now turned him down flat.

Seated alone in the glassed-off rear compartment, he thought of how he had met Diane. It had occurred mere months before, when, at Linda's suggestion, he had weekendened at a smart Long Island resort in an effort to get backing from his host or his rich friends for a Canadian mining venture he was seeking to peddle.

Linda, on this occasion, had stayed in New York, unwilling to clutter things up for him.

He had met Diane at a cocktail party, then at a club dance, then at the beach, then at another party the next day. Since then, she had been after him, tooth and nail.

"Marry her," Linda had said when he told her about it. "Marry her. She can afford it. And then you and I will have something to operate on."

Yes, it was Linda, sultry, shrewd Linda, who had conned him into the spot he was in. Linda, damn her black eyes and her wayward wanton, born-to-be-sexed body. And now she was refusing to play.

He wished he had wrung her neck just now, at the apartment, or at least blackened one of her eyes...

"READY, DARLING?" Diane's voice brought him out of his bitter trance. Her laughing face was in the car door. As she slipped in beside him, he saw that she was wearing a simple, obviously expensive black wool dress, with the diamond clip he had given her as her only jewelry save for her rings.

He hoped he could get some



"Your proposition is unthinkable and insulting, Sir — at sixty-five dollars a week."

money out of her before the jeweler sued.

She had animation, this bride of his, but it was too light, too brittle, too lacking in Linda's sullen earthiness. She laughed up at him, revealing the expensive perfection of her teeth, the expensive sleekness of her red-brown hair.

Everything about Diane had been purchased, bought with money. Everything was the very best. Everything? He wondered a little about himself. But he was just about the best in his line—as a charmer, a lover, an operator.

At least, Linda had thought so. And Linda was his female opposite number. Uncluttered by conventional morality, she had taught him variations on all the basic cons ever known to man, and had helped him engineer and execute countless schemes to part greedy marks from their money. They were both sharp operators, which was what had drawn them together in the first place, would get them eventually into the big time, and made them the team they were. Or used to be. Alan was having the devil's own time keeping his mind on his job, which was that of being the perfect groom, as the big, sleek limousine whispered its almost silent song of power.

A black sheep to the slaughter, he thought as the miles and the city slipped behind them. It was after dark when they pulled up under the porte cochere of one of Diane's family's mansions, high in the wooded hills where only the descendants of the very wealthy made their homes.

Mentally, he prepared himself for the coy cat-and-mouse of the traditional wedding night. With a shudder, for he was not the sort of sensualist who liked to endure endless hors d'oeuvres before settling down to the main meal. Yet he could play the game if he had to—and it very much looked as if he was going to have to.

First, there would be a retreat to a dressing room to don pajamas and robe while Diane diorbed in the bedroom and put on a frilly, lacy nightie that would prove nothing but a costly encumbrance to the matter at hand. A flirtatious, "You can come in now, darling," and then the entrance, the self-conscious first embraces, the withdrawals, the pless for gentleness, perhaps for "a little more time, darling."

But it didn't happen that way at all.

Incredibly, after greeting the elderly servants who were on hand for the occasion, Diane led him upstairs to an immense bedroom, kissed him hungrily, then turned around and said, "Unzip me, please, darling."

When he did so, he discovered that his bride had not a stitch on beneath the costly black-woolen dress. Turning, she put her arms around his neck and said, "Surprise, dear?"

He knew then that he was dealing with no untested virgin, that he had had the fortune to marry not only a fortune but a woman to go with it. Stepping back, he peeled the dress from her like an orange, paused briefly to survey the flesh-robed treasures that stood before him, then moved in to play the role of lover that had been his stock in trade almost ever since he could remember.

If her breasts were smaller than Linda's, they were firmer to his touch. If her hips were not so round, they tossed and thrust with a mobility those of his mistress had never attained. If she was less sultry, her very lightness made each successive intimacy the more delightfully depraved.

When at last they paused to recoup their passion, she held him briefly, convulsively close in gratitude, whispered, "Now you know why I married you, darling. I wanted the best."

"Doesn't everyone?" he countered, and she laughed and nibbled his ear until healthy lust was re-awakened between them and the amorous duel was on once more. It endured until almost daybreak, when at last they lay side by side upon the huge Empire bed and Alan's soft moans made rhythmic music in the bridal chamber.

After a moment, Diane arose, still untired. She crossed to a secretary, sat down in front of it, penned a brief note. She wrote another message on a smaller rectangle of paper, then sealed both in an envelope and addressed it to Linda at her apartment.

It read—

*My Dear Linda,*

*This is to express my appreciation for your having played your role in our agreement so faithfully and well. Thank you for returning Alan to me this afternoon. From now on, I feel certain I can handle him myself.*

*Enclosed, as promised, is my*

*personal check for \$25,000. I presume you will find it useful in the future. Good hunting—but not on my preserves,*  
*Diane.*

After placing the sealed envelope in her handbag for mailing later that day, Diane smiled at a Mona Lisa smile and tiptoed back to the bed.

## STAKE - IN

(continued from page 15)

Jug stood up, adjusted his shoulder- holster, wishing to hell he could take it off. Looking down at the lightly clad girl, whose brief, flimsy garments made no pretense of hiding the ebullient charms half visible beneath, he realized the exchange was typical of those that had passed between them during the long, long last five nights.

Worse than some, not as bad as others.

He wished the Duke would come out of hiding and make his break, so he could go home and get some sleep. He wished Wanda would crack and tell him where her sorely wanted, murdering boyfriend was hiding. He wished the head of the detective agency would bring somebody else in to relieve him and assign him to other duty—any other duty.

Doing twenty-four hours a day for almost a week with Wanda might be a lot of men's dream of heaven. Under the circumstances, it was hell. He wondered how Mary, the girl he planned to wed in June, would feel if she ever found out—what she would say—what she would do...

If she would want him any more...

Chief Donnell, head of the Ace Investigation Service, had been apologetic about it when he handed Jug the assignment, right after Duke Florence shot the armored-car guard in a successful sixty-grand holdup. At that time the police put a cordon around the town, and the Duke's capture was academic. The police were moving in from the outskirts of the city to the hub, searching for the killer systematically.

The Ace Investigation Service would never have been involved with the case if one of the operatives hadn't accidentally spied Wanda Hurn. She had been as close to the Duke as a siamese twin. She was supposed to be out of town, and her sudden appearance could only mean that she knew of the Duke's latest caper, was a part of it. When Donnell

received the information he toyed with the idea of turning the information of her arrival to the city over to the police. But then the circular came in announcing a reward of ten grand for the capture of Duke Florence. Donnell made up his mind. The agency could use the dough, and his daughter, Mary, could have a large wedding with a very fancy gift.

"It's rough, Jug," Donnell told his future son-in-law. "But it's because you're engaged to Mary that I'm handing you this job. You're going to get the major part of the reward money, and besides you're the most capable guy in the agency. You'll move in on Wanda Hurn and stay there until we or the police nail the Duke."

He had briefed Jug carefully. There was a phone in the girl's home. Since it would be tapped, she was free to use it. If she made a break, he was to let her go, simply pick up the instrument and report it. Likewise, if the Duke tried to break in.

"What if she complains," Jug asked. "We got no right to bust in."

"She can't complain," Donnell said. "Wanda won't call the police because they'll put her in the clink as a material witness. If she won't play along with us, we'll turn her in. She can't win—we can."

"It's a hundred-to-one shot," Donnell went on. "There'll be an agency car parked on the corner twenty-four hours a day. As soon as she gives us a lead, we'll be on it. Let's hope that it doesn't take too long to wrap up this case," he added. "The longer we wait, the closer the cops will get to the Duke. And our chances for the reward will go out the window."

"But, Pat," protested Jug, "are you sure you want me in there with Wanda? I might do a hell of a lot better on the outside."

The father-in-law-to-be was as firm as the strong hand he put on Jug's shoulder. "You're the only man I can trust with a hellcat like this on a stake-in job. I hear she's a looker as well as a hellcat. Anyway, it's only for a few hours—a day at the outside."

FIVE DAYS had passed—and five nights—and Duke Florence had yet to be laid by the heels. Five endless nights, and now a sixth in prospect. The trails were growing cold. And here he was, stuck with this sultry, volcanic aggravating, cup-hating bitch.

Not once had she picked up the telephone in the corner, the pastel-pink phone whose dainty color was itself an insult in a situation like this. Not once had it rung—save to relay a



message from the lieutenant or one of his underlings, telling Jug to hang on, that things would be breaking soon.

Breaking soon — Hell!

The only rings on the doorbell were those that announced some agents bringing the groceries. The boys were Jug's buddies, of course, but the way they looked at Wanda, then at him, told the harassed young detective what they were thinking.

Breaking soon! — if something didn't break soon outside, Jug felt, one hither-to promising private eye, with a fine career laid out for him, was going to be carted out in a strait-jacket . . .

**A** BITCH FROM the word go — that was Wanda. When she wasn't snarling at him or flaunting herself, or lapsed in sullen silence, she was teasing him, exposing her curves like the whore she was, trying to inflame him so that she could spit in his eye if he made a pass.

A man could take only so much of what Wanda was dishing out — and he was a man.

She knew what she was doing to him — for Wanda was Woman.

He was saved by the bell, by Mr. Bell's bell, by the telephone. She picked it up, listened briefly, extended it to him, revealing in the process a cleavage that hit him like a blow to the diaphragm. "For you, Mr. Copper," she said.

It was his chief, Donnell. He asked how it was going. Jug told him okay. Then Jug broke. He said, "Pat, how long is this going on? When do I get relief?"

"Not just yet, Jug-boy," was the dreaded, the expected response. "There is a shipment of jewels from Crown Diamonds to Gift Jewelers. We've been hired as escorts for the movement. We'll need every man, so I'm taking the agency car off for a few hours. Be on your toes!"

"Oh, no!" cried Jug in anguish, unable to keep his eyes from the spectacle of Wanda gently rubbing the inside of a thigh. "You mean, I'm on my own?"

"Just for a little while, Jug-boy." Then, after a brief hesitation, "I know it's rough, but I also know you're the lad to stand up to it."

"How long, Pat?" Jug asked. "How long before the boys outside come back."

"Maybe an hour or two — not long."

"An hour or two!" cried Jug. "What do you mean, 'not long'?"

"Stick with it, Jug-boy, stick with it. Oh — and Mary sends her love."

"You tell Mary," said Jug, "that if a certain chief of an agency who also happens to be her Old Man doesn't

give her fiancé a break soon, there isn't going to be any son-in-law."

"You mean that, Jug-boy. You know what you're saying?"

"Aw, forget it, Pat. I'll make out."

"That's my boy." And chief Donnell hung up . . .

**T**WIN POOLS of jet, fringed with long lashes, regarded him somberly as he put the phone back in its cradle.

"This Mary," said Wanda, "this broad of yours — what's she like?"

"Leave her out of this," said Jug, speaking with more vehemence than the question demanded.

The black eyes remained steady on his. "She's a girl, I suppose," said Wanda.

"Okay, she's a girl. Leave it at that."

"I was wondering." Wanda shifted her opulent curves so that, beneath her flimsy garments, there was a fascinating shift of globular surfaces.

"Why you . . ." began Jug.

He was interrupted by a special bulletin on the TV, announcing the daring move of a large shipment of jewelry in broad daylight. Wanda watched half-heartedly.

"Think any punks will be interested in the move?" Jug asked.

"No," she said. "Too many guards, too many police. 'Only a hophead or a kid would try anything, and they wouldn't stand a chance in hell.' Hei head turned from the screen to Jug. She was back on her earlier theme. "I was wondering," she said, "because if she is a girl, she's going to wind up a married old maid if she ever gets hitched to you." A thoroughly pregnant pause. Then, before Jug could gather himself to roar a furious response, "Or am I wrong?"

"It doesn't matter," he was back in control.



"All the other offices I ever worked at had a janitor replace worn out bulbs."

"Okay, okay." She had risen, was pacing the wall-to-wall carpeting of the little modern house like the caged animal she was. "So I'm wrong. But for once, Mr. Copper, look at it from my point of view."

"Just as long as you leave my private life out of it," he growled.

"Your private what?" she taunted. Then, before he could explode, "Never mind, Jug, I'm sorry."

It was the first time she had called him anything but Mr. Copper, with the most insulting possible emphasis on the title. She stood over him, for he had remained in the chair by the phone, a dark, vivid flame of a woman, sweet poison incarnate.

She said, "You know what I am, you know what I think of your kind. But I've never been with any man as long as this since I was old enough to know what men were for, and not — well, not been a woman with him. Maybe we are on opposite sides, but we're here, aren't we?"

"You can say that again," he replied flatly. It was new, it was sudden, but it was not entirely unexpected. The most surprising thing about it was that it was Wanda who had cracked first, rather than he.

"Don't be that way." She pouted, her moist, full lips catching the reflection of the lamp in a highlight that emphasized unbearably their implicit promise of passion.

**J**UG FELT ALL the tensions of the past five days rise within him as their bodies made contact. He had done everything duty demanded, that chief Donnell demanded, his vow to Mary demanded. But the demands of flesh and blood, of lip and loins, now made themselves irresistible, inexorably felt.

His hand caressed soft caudal curves beneath which unexpected muscles coiled springlike at his touch. Her breasts, suddenly free of covering, offered themselves to him, her lips, so recently sullen, were outthrust to drink the very life's blood from his own. Tongue met tongue and battled fiercely, ravenously, from cavern to cavern of their mouths.

Suddenly, she recoiled from him with a small scream of pain. "The gun," she gasped. "Get rid of it."

Unhitching the clumsy harness, with its shoulder-strap and second strap around his massive chest, he followed her to the bed, caught her just as she stepped from the last of her flimsy garments.

"Take me quick!" she cried, pressing her soft smoothness close. "Crush me, kill me!"

"Just a moment," He held her off,

this coiling python, as he tore off his own clothing, first letting gun and holster drop to the floor. Writhing, desperate, she pulled him with her, toward the bed itself.

"We might break it," he said.

She laughed a wild, maniacal laugh, cried, "So we break it!"

Then flesh enveloped pulsing flesh as the springs beneath the love-wrestlers creaked and groaned in a rhythm as impendable as the rhythm of life itself . . .

**I**F SHE HADN'T worn him to a nub during their long, enforced confinement, it wouldn't have happened. But she had been able to sleep, while his own napping had been of the briefest variety.

At any rate, she had the gun, was clear of the bed, was covering him, saying, "Okay, copper, that's enough. You had your fun."

All he could do was lie there and take it, while she cuffed him to the bed, then dressed hurriedly and slipped out through the back door. For one moment, he had thought she was going to drill him as he lay there.

When she was gone, he bounced up and down on the creaking bed, already weakened by the workout the two of them had given it, until at last the frame gave way. He jerked the thing to pieces, until his cuffed hand slipped over a jagged headpost.

Then he went to the phone and reported Wanda's getaway.

"We caught it, man," he was told. "You don't really think the old man was pulling the prowl car off. You done one hell of a job."

"Why didn't you tell me?" he countered, suddenly weary beyond belief. "Why didn't you tip me off?"



"Mr. Briggs is out. Why don't you tell me what you want to see him about over cocktails, dinner, and a show."

"Because you might have blown it," was the reply. Chief Donnell was extra hard on that point. He figured if the Duke didn't try to crash in by now, he must be waiting for her. When the jail-break news came in, it was manna from heaven. You can come in now, man. . . .

**J**UG THOUGHT HE had had it. He wanted only to get home and crawl into the sack. Feeling prickly with fatigue and jumpy with self-disgust, he pulled on his clothes. As he stooped over to tie a shoe, his tired eyes spotted the slip of paper just beyond the bedroom door.

Because he was a cop, and a good one, Jug picked it up. It was a bank-wrapping, the kind tellers slip around already-counted packets of bills. It bore the imprint of the Third National, whose funds in transit had comprised the bulk of the robbery — plus the murder — for which the Duke was wanted.

It meant that, somehow, the killer had passed some of his share of the loot to Wanda. It explained her desperate urgency to get to him. He probably needed the cash for his getaway. It also meant that the Duke had to be hiding out somewhere nearby. He could not have got far with the all-city alarm that was out for him.

Jug picked up the phone again, passed it along. He was told, "Get over to Broad and Walnut. Will you Jug? That's where he's hid out — and we need every gun we got."

Jug started to explain that he was without a weapon, then thought better of it. He hung up, went outside. The agency car was gone, but he stopped a passing motorist for the very short run to the address.

"You got a gun?" he asked.

The man looked frightened. "I got a permit," he said defensively.

"Make love to your permit," snapped Jug. "Let's have the gun."

It was a .32 automatic, a little light perhaps, but a good weapon. Certainly better than none if there was a shoot-out in progress.

**T**HE HIDEOUT was set back from the street over a garage. The agency had it surrounded, waiting. He crossed a concrete courtyard, headed into a narrow entryway, up a flight of stairs. He knew he was acting like a damned hero, but he was past caring. He had to redeem himself as a man.

He was halfway up the stairs when he saw the Duke above, rising to blast him down. Only then did Jug fire, almost without taking aim. He gunned down the killer, saw him sprawl, a bloody mess upon the landing.

Then Wanda was there, standing behind the body. She had his revolver in her hand, the one she had taken from him. She was crying, a mess.

He held out his left hand, said, "Let's have the gun, Wanda. There's nothing to shoot about now."

She looked down at her dead lover, then back at him. Then she handed him his pistol. It felt good when he stowed it back into the holster he had reddened before leaving her little house.

"Come on," he said, "They're waiting below."

**T**HE NEXT TIME he saw Wanda was at Headquarters. When she saw him, her dark eyes expressed bewilderment rather than fury as she said, "That jazz about you being engaged to the Chief's daughter — that was a bale of cotton-picking baloney, wasn't it?"

Jug shook his head. "No, Wanda," he told her, "It's true."

Her eyes searched his unmercifully. "Hell," she said, "I'm sorry for her. Some things I'll never understand."

"Okay, okay," he snapped, suddenly angered, though whether at her or at himself he didn't then know. "You did it, too, didn't you? You're as guilty as I was."

"Maybe, but I did it for the man I loved — not for a cotton-picking bunch of cops."

Chief Donnell broke it up with a nod to the police sergeant. "You can take her away anytime you're ready." Putting an arm around Jug's shoulders, he said, "You played it just right, boy. I'm proud of you. The Duke was just waiting for her to join him before making his break. We kept them apart just long enough for them to get desperate. We forced their hand just before the police moved in. Unquestionably, the reward money is ours."

He was talking to a little knot of reporters who were taking it all down. He said, "You're a good cop, Jug. I'm looking forward to having you for a son-in-law. You hear me, Jug — Jug-boy!"

"Huh? That's right, Pat. Right on the nose as usual."

Right? What the hell was right, anyway? That's what he was wondering, while he tried to shake off Wanda's bitter, "Some things I'll never understand."

He wondered if Mary would understand, if he would understand, ever. A man like Pat Donnell putting his future son-in-law into a spot like that and making him carry it all the way through.

He decided it was time to go out and get drunk. He had a good one coming to him . . .

A black and white photograph showing a person's legs from the mid-thigh down to the feet. They are wearing fishnet stockings with a distinct diamond pattern. The person is standing on a dark, textured surface. The text "Girl for the Man About Town" is overlaid on the image in a white, serif font, arranged vertically in the center.

*Girl*

*for*

*the*

*Man*

*About*

*Town*

